

tist. Almost without exception the congregation participated in the celebration, and the service was a most impressive one.

#### II. *The Closing Devotional Period.*

During the weeks of the school the opening period each morning was a devotional hour conducted by the student chaplains. The Protestant chaplains united in the service while the Catholic chaplains repeated the mass individually. Because of the splendid fellowship of the two groups it was agreed to meet in a joint session on the last morning of the school.

Hymns of common use were selected; all joined in the Lord's prayer; the address was splendid in its emphasis of the points of agreement; the fellowship was real and spiritual.

Every chaplain left these services with a feeling that under God the army may furnish the field for the finest manifestation of Christian unity that has thus far been made, and with the further feeling that his ministry will be served in the light of that possibility.

#### Golden Wedding Anniversary—A Surprise.

Brother George W. Kauler and his wife, of Boyertown, Pa., celebrated their golden wedding anniversary Friday January 27th. A number of the members of the church dropped in unexpectedly and helped them to celebrate. They presented the venerable couple with a large basket of choice fruit, in token of their friendship and high esteem. Brother and Sister Kauler are faithful members of our church at Boyertown.

Brother and Sister Kauler have a son in the ministry of the East Pa. Conference, Rev. W. H. Kauler, now stationed at Lansdale, Pa., and a daughter who is the wife of Rev. I. E. Johnson, of Manheim, Pa.

C. J. YODER.

#### Lincoln at School.

A companion of Lincoln's boyhood gives these reminiscences of the martyred President's schoolboy days: "I was twelve years old and Abe was nine when the Lincolns moved to Hodgenville, Ky., and Abe and I started to school together up there on the hill. Abe always remained at the head of his class, and I never knew him to be turned down. His studious habits made him a favorite with the teacher, which caused a great deal of jealousy among his classmates towards him, and, not being generally liked anyhow, it made him very unpopular. At school the boys older than himself would tantalize the boy, but he would always walk away and leave them alone—not because he was afraid of them, but from the fact that he wished to avoid trouble.

"In the summer time Abe would work hard through the day, and at night would start a fire, making a light by which he would study. When I heard that he had been nominated my heart bounded with joy, and it did me good to vote for him. When the news reached me that Abe had been elected, I tell you I was proud to think that I had played with the President of the United States. I started to write to Abe, but thought that maybe he thought he was too good for me; so I didn't write. But a few days after he was elected I received a letter from him. He wrote of those happy days we had spent together when we were boys, and closed by asking me to make a visit at the White House. I didn't go, but I felt proud. I have many times regretted that lost opportunity."—*Exchange.*

#### List of Appointments for Missionary A. H. Sanders on El Paso District, Illinois Conference.

Terre Haute, .....	Feb. 16—Evening.
Radford, .....	Feb. 17—Evening.
Westervelt, .....	Feb. 19—A. M. & P. M.
Gilman, .....	Feb. 20—Evening.
Reddick, .....	Feb. 21—Evening.
Streator, .....	Feb. 22—Evening.
El Paso, .....	Feb. 23—Evening.
Weston, .....	Feb. 24—Evening.
Groveland, .....	Feb. 26—A. M. & P. M.
Ottawa, .....	Feb. 27—Evening.
Geneseo, .....	Feb. 28—Evening.
Lorraine, .....	March 1—Evening.
Hooppole, .....	March 2—Evening.

The offerings to be received at these appointments will be appropriated—one-half for China Mission, the other half for Church Extension.

B. H. NIEBEL.

#### Seeing Miracles To-day.

When a man asks me why I believe in miracles, I answer, "Because I have seen them." He asks, "When?" I reply, "Yesterday." "Where?" "In such and such a place I saw a man who had been a drunkard redeemed by the power of an unseen Christ, and saved from sin. That was a miracle." The best argument for Christianity is a Christian. That is a fact which men cannot get over. There are fifty other arguments for miracles, but none so good as that you have seen them. Perhaps you are one yourself. Show a man a miracle with his own eyes, and if he is not too hardened he will believe.

—Henry Drummond.



Any of the books noticed in this department may be ordered through J. J. Nungesser, Third and Reily Streets, Harrisburg, Pa.

**A Book of Family Worship.** Edited by W. Robertson Nicoll, M.A., LL.D. Containing Scripture passages and prayers for every day in the week. Published by George H. Doran Company, New York. 370 pages. Price \$1.75 net.

Dr. Nicoll is editor of the *British Weekly* and the most distinguished all-round man of letters in the English speaking world. His learning and piety make him eminently qualified to select the very best material for family worship, both from the Bible and the writings of the most spiritual authors.

**Bible and Spade.** By John P. Peters, Ph.D., Sc.D., D.D. Being the Gross Lectures, delivered before the Lake Forest College. Published by the well-known house of Charles Scribner's Sons, 507 Fifth Avenue, N. Y. 239 pages. Well illustrated. Price \$1.75.

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## A Sculptor's View of Lincoln.

An Interview with George Gray Barnard, reprinted from *The New York Evening Sun*.

My earliest recollections are of my grandfather's talks of Douglas and Lincoln. A friend to both, he often told stories of Douglas, princely, elegant, and Lincoln, rising from poverty to President. This left but one image in my childhood mind, the mighty man who grew from out the soil and the hardships of the earth—he who had within him that indomitable spirit, that great call, and followed it straight to his destiny.

We are tools of the Creator, bad or good. Lincoln was chilled in all the streams of life, to make ready the tool of the nation and mankind. Many have stood at the bedside of their dead mothers, but few at seven years of age have helped to make the coffin and dig the grave of mother. And such a mother as Lincoln must have had made greater his agony, left a memory so vital that through life this giant, physically and mentally, "mothered" his neighbors, his State, his country.

This "man of all men" held motherhood within him as great in its strength and gentle spirit, its forgiveness and yearning, as the wisdom and will of the manhood within him.

One given to such meditation must often have studied the trees, watched the angle of every limb marking the history of its fight toward the light. So moved the spirit of Lincoln, always toward the light, regardless of a thousand limbs that threatened to hide his own life and light.

### A Prettified Lincoln

With the order for a Lincoln my work began. An imaginary Lincoln is an insult to the American people, a thwarting of

democracy. No imitation

of any artist's conception,

but the tool God and Lin-

coln made—Lincoln's self—must be shown. I found the many photographs retouched so that all form had been obliterated. This fact I have never seen in print. The eyes and mouth carry a message, but the rest was stippled over, to prettify this work of God by the photographers of the time. Nearing election they feared his ugly lines might lose him the Presidency. So the lines were softened down, softened in cloudy shades of nothingness—this man, made like the oak trees and granite rocks. To most the life mask is a dead thing; to the artist, life's architecture.

We and future ages have this life mask to fathom, to interpret, to translate. Art is the science that bridges 'tween nature and man. Sculpture being a science to interpret living forms, hidden secrets of nature are revealed by it. Lincoln's life mask is the most wonderful face left to us, a face utterly opposed to those of the emperors of Rome or a Napoleon. They, with the record of a dominating will, self-assertive over others; Lincoln's, commanding self for the sake of others, a spiritual will based on reason. His powerful chin is flanked on either side by powerful construction reaching like steps of a pyramid from chin to ear, eye and brain, as if his forces took birth in thought within, conceived in architecture without, building to the furthest limits of his face, to the fruits of toil in his wonderful hands—hands cast from life at the time of the mask by Douglas Volk.

### The Quest of a Hundred Days

For one hundred days I sought the secret of this face in the marvelous constructive work of God. Here is no line, no form to interpret lightly, to evade or cover. Every atom of its surface belongs to some individual form, melting into a larger form and again into the form of the whole. The mystery of this whole form nature alone knows—man will never fathom it, but at least he should not bring to this problem forms of his own making.

Nothing is easier than to have a molder for \$5 push clay into the mold of Lincoln's face and give it to one ready to open the eyes and stick on hair, smoothing the surfaces and calling out "Lincoln."

But art's virtue is to reveal, not to obscure. It is

a power to make plain hidden things. Art is not nature, the mask of Lincoln not sculpture. The mask controls its secrets, Lincoln's life revealed them, as the sculptor tried to reveal the power and purpose of this wondrous mask.

The left side of Lincoln's face is the motherhood side, the right side man's. Beneath the left eye two mountains lie; from the valley between soft light flows, a gentle stream; it bursts upon a circular muscular hill in form like a petrified tear through sadness and joy placed there. Then all flow together, turning into a smile at his lips,



COLOSSAL HEAD OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN

This shows George Gray Barnard, the American sculptor, at work on the fifteen-foot head in his studio in New York City.

like a stream through a dark valley of shadows coming to its own into the sunshine.

People say who saw: "Lincoln often looked the Christ." This face is infinitely nearer an expression of our Christ character than all the conventional pictures of the "Son of God." That symbolic head, with its long hair parted in the middle and features that never lived, is the creation of artist's, Lincoln's face the triumph of God through man and of man through God. One fancy; the other, truth at labor, Lincoln, the song of democracy written by God.

His face, the temple of manhood, we have with us in the life mask. The Olympian Zeus in its remoteness from the life of the people, the life that must be lived, is the antithesis of Lincoln's. In the latter all self-consciousness is effaced, there is no lurking hint that the spirit behind and within was disturbed by the temple it dwelt in. All its lines lead away from self-center. As I wrought at this face facade I was conscious of being gradually drawn back of the face and forever onward. Thought born within this face sprang outward in every direction, in its flight gentle, unending toward the truth of things, for the truth of things, truth at labor.

#### The Figure of the Rail Splitter

Out of the study of Lincoln's life mask grew the entire poise of his figure. He must have stood as the republic should stand—strong, simple, carrying its weight unconsciously, without pride in rank or culture. He is clothed with cloth worn, the history of labor. The records of labor in Lincoln's clothes are the wings of his victory. The "Winged Victory" of Samothrace was an allegory of what Lincoln lived. His wings were acts, his fields of flight the hearts of men, their laughter, their life. Tradition is he stood "bent at knees." This is not true. Worn, baggy trousers forgotten, unthought of, honored their history.

My intense desire to tell the truth about Lincoln's form led me to search through two years for a model that should approximate the man he must have been. I traveled through the States, North and South, East and West. I advertised and went personally to look at many men. At last, in Louisville, Ky., after a great number had come to see me, I found the one I wanted. He was 6 feet 4½ inches and realized as nearly as any other being conceivably could all that we knew of Lincoln's appearance. I asked him about himself and he gave this curious account:

"I was born on a farm only fifteen miles from where Lincoln was born. My father, my father's father and his father were all born there."

A study of this man's body showed it to be in harmony with the body of Lincoln. The Greeks had nothing like that. It was a genuine product of American soil, as typical in its way as the Indians. The legs were long and he had a back that seemed to bend without causing a corresponding cavity in front. I spoke of this to him and he said:

"I have been splitting rails all my life." He was about forty years old. That was the natural explanation of his over-developed back and shoulder muscles. Lincoln had gone through the same exercise and the same result was noted in his form. He was probably the most powerful physical being known to the frontier life.

I have seen the models of Europe—men of Greece and Italy—symmetrical and beautiful in a classic way, but nothing ever appealed to me like the form of this Kentuckian. It affected the spirit like the passing of a storm through the sky. I am working now on a head that I hope will enable me to carry out this feeling, a head fifteen feet in height.

Lincoln is the unveiling of the Sphinx. That ancient figure out on the desert sand meant slavery, mental, moral and physical. The men of that day were bound in their environment; they saw no end to the problem of life.

Lincoln stands for clearness, for knowledge. He deals simply with the facts of life, helps his neighbors in their home tasks, laughs with them. There is mystery in him, but it is the mystery of the spirit brought down and put to the service of men.

#### A Neighbor of Lincoln

One still of the living, who knew Lincoln face to face from his own birth to Lincoln's death, came to see Lincoln in bronze. Strange, this man still holds the position given him by Lincoln fifty-odd years ago in our New York Custom House. Born opposite Lincoln's home, he tells of one day, when he was operator at the telegraph office in Springfield. A great hand was placed on his head, which never left it through all his seventy-six years—the hand of Lincoln. Five days after seeing Lincoln, he wrote:

"Dear Mr. Barnard: I want you to know that the reason you have not heard from me before is that in my eagerness to see every outline and pose of my dear old friend, Mr. Lincoln, as you have depicted him, and as I remember him, from my babyhood to my manhood, I foolishly stood before him without my hat and have had a severe cold ever since Sunday. I could not stand before your Lincoln with covered head, and with those dear eyes looking down as if he would say, 'Well, Harry, how are you, my boy?' as he used to greet me in the old days in Springfield.

"You have given us the only 'Soulful Lincoln,' and I congratulate you and future generations will bless George Grey Barnard, the man who gave us this Lincoln. Mr. Taft and Cincinnati have a prize that they well may be proud to have.

"Your Lincoln without whiskers is the man we of Springfield loved.

"Thanking you for the treat you gave me to commune with my friend, I am sincerely yours, H. W. GOURLEY."

My Lincoln of bronze is to me but the "footprints in a path of clay," as I made my way, looking upon truths above. It may have no value to others, may express nothing of my journey in the heart of Lincoln, but I pray it bring to others a trace of what I myself read.—*New York Christian Advocate*.

#### The Tenant.

Frederick Lawrence Knowles.

This body is my house—it is not I;  
Herein I sojourn till in some far sky,  
I lease a fairer dwelling, built to last  
Till all the carpentry of time is past.  
When from my high place viewing this lone star,  
What shall I care where these poor timbers are?  
What though the crumbling walls turn dust and loam,  
I shall have left them for a larger home.  
What though the rafters break, the stanchions rot,  
When earth has dwindled to a glimmering spot!  
When thou, clay cottage, faldest, I'll immerse  
My long-cramped spirit in the universe.  
Through uncomputed silences of space  
I shall yearn upward to the leaning Face.  
The ancient heavens will roll aside for me,  
As Moses monarched the dividing sea.  
This body is my house—it is not I.  
Triumphant in this faith, I live and die.

—*Northwestern Christian Advocate*.

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BARNARD, GEORGE GRAY

A SCULPTOR'S VIEW OF LINCOLN

By: George Gray Barnard

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